

In Memory And Celebration Of The
Cracked Glass Of Marcel Duchamp

when these words are read
please
with reverential silence
tear up the page

Childhood Games

abandoned marbles
a circle
a head of a mad dog
drawn in chalk
real blood
on his cracked
teeth

One Of The Crowd

they received the secret
thought would sell
but enemy laughed
already had bought it three times
the commander, coming home
from a heroic movie, felt
left out of things,
bought it for the fourth time

— Duane Locke

Recommended new magazines

Poetry Review, c/o Duane Locke, Univ. of Tampa,
Tampa, Fla. 33606 (60¢/copy; \$2/year)

Jeglars, c/o Clark Coolidge, 292 Morris Ave.,
Providence, R.I. 02906 (75¢/copy; \$3/year)

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